# Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.


## THE HOME DAYS.

When the goldenrod has withered, and the maple leaves are red,
When the robin's nest is empty, and the cricket's prayers are said,
In the silence and the shadow of the swiftly hastening fall
Come the dear and happy home days, days we love the best of all.

Then the household gathers early, and the firelight leaps and glows
Till the old earth in its brightness wears the glory of the rose;
Then the grandsire thinks of stories, and the children cluster sweet,
And the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

If the raindrops dance cotillions on the roof and on the eaves,
If the chill wind sweeps the meadows, shorn and bare and bound in sheaves,
If the snowflakes come like fairies, shod in shoes of silence, we
Only crowd the closer, closer, where the cheery kindred be.

Oh, the dear face of the mother, as she tucks the laddies in,
Oh, the big voice of the father, heard o'er all the merry din;
Home, and happy homely loved ones, how they weave their spells around
Heart and life and creed and memory, in the farmstead's holy ground.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red,
When the empty nest is clinging to the branches overhead,
In the silence and the shadow of the hurrying later fall
Come the dear days, come the home days, in the year the best of all.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Women's Home Companion.

## The Luck of Lilly's Mountain.

By George Madden Martin.

LITTLE Nancy Lilly, sturdy and yellow-haired, came scrambling backward down the ladder from the roof-room, to land with a plump slap of bare, sunburned feet upon the puncheon floor of the cabin.

Mammy, tall, spare, her blue and white check dress flapping about her bare ankles, her hair slipping from its twist, was at that moment turning the sizzling contents of a skillet with quick-wristed deftness into a pan on the table, where the coffee was already steaming.

Four-year-old Alfred, and Griffith, aged six, standing by the table, followed with keen anticipation each movement that mammy made.

"Don't ye set to the table, Grif, nor Alf, neither, don't ye do it. Ain't I tole yer it air bad luck 'thout we uns all set down together?"

And mammy stooped over the hearthstone, and shielding her face with one hand, drew forth by certain well-directed dabs into the hot wood-ashes a generous baking of corn pones. At the same time she addressed herself to the shriveled, keen-eyed old woman who shared one side of the chimney corner with a spinning wheel.

"Come on, granny, while the victuals is tasty an' hot. Here's Nanny, come down 'thout the baby. Ain't she woke up yet?"

Nanny laughed one of those clear, ready little laughs that need no object; and rubbing a brown ankle with a browner foot she shook her head. Then she glanced at a rude gun-rack. It was empty.

"Pap gone?" she asked.

"Since daylight," said mammy. "Mighty tedious trip to tavern and back for a little chap like Hence, but once his pap said he might go, wa'n't any holdin' him back. The butter an' eggs was sp'ilnin' to be tuk, anyway, an' the coffee is mighty near to gone."

Nancy buried her teeth in the hard pone mammy dealt her from the store that she was keeping warm in the folds of her homespun skirt. After the sizzling slices of salt pork had been handed around and the coffee poured into the tin cups, Nancy spoke:

"I done put my dress on wrong side, I did, mammy, an' never sensed it till it war on."

There was an exclamation of incredulity from mammy and open-mouth contemplation from Alfred and Griffith. Granny lowered her knife with its portion of greasy pork and peered forward, to hear further.

"Ef you ain't the beatenes' chil' fer luck!" said mammy.

But granny, with eyes puckered shrewdly, shook her head. "You 'low fer sure you never sensed it till it war clean on?"

Nancy was positive. "I never thought nothin' about it, I didn't, granny, till there war the buttons inside."

"'Cause if you did," cautioned granny, "the luck's sure soured agin you, an' you must go back to bed an' dress over to undo it."

"Nanny's jus' natchelly born to luck, granny," said mammy, raising her soft, drawling voice. "She ain't never put her hand to nothing in her life that it didn't come right. Don't ye know how baby got your knittin' alla-snarl yesterday, an' you an' me all tuckered out over it, an' Nanny she come in a-teeterin' a horse-shoe she done found, and first touch she unsnarled it?"

Granny stirred the sorghum long-sweetening into her coffee mournfully, and observed:

"Yes, Nanny, she air born to luck. Now I done always been the kind no luck come to. I war born on a Friday, in the dark of the moon, and my mammy was that po'ly nobody sensed to fasten nary piece of witches' elm about me, an' natchelly I ain't never hed no luck nor looked fer none."

Mammy nodded her head sympathetically, but her mind was with Nancy. "When Nanny was not a month old she laughed out. I held it war fer luck, and she ain't had no call to quit her laughin' yet. Get down, Nanny, an' drive them beasties out. Seems like little more an' they'll be taken' everything."

This referred to the long-eared hounds crowding the open doorway, through which stretched, in far perspective, the blue ridges of the Alleghenies.

Nancy, born to luck, trudged that warm, cloudless June afternoon along the railroad at the base of Lilly's mountain, and as she trudged she sang the old song that she had learned from her grandmother:

"My dear little children, if you were mine
All alone and aloney O,
I'd dress you up in silk so fine
Down by the green woody sidey O."

She was on her way to explore a certain hidden dell, which she had marked weeks before as a likely spot for wild strawberries.

When she reached the long, high trestle spanning Churchill's creek, she stood listening, her head on one side, bright-eyed, alert, like a knowing wild creature of the mountains.

Then, hearing the sound she had expected, she nodded her yellow head sagely, and scrambled a few feet up the mountainside above the track to wait for the approaching train to go by.

Soon she saw the engine coming round the mountain and apparently making straight for her like one of the head-lowered "beastisies" of granny's tales. Then the train curved with the curve of the mountain; its long line of coaches and sleeping cars came into view, like the gliding serpent body of the monster. Slowly it came, then slackened to creeping, as the trains all did at the trestle.

Keen-eyed and absorbed, Nancy watched the coaches roll slowly by, and waved a brown hand at the faces looking at her from the windows. In the last coach of all she saw a white, wan face in a mass of gleaming, red-gold hair—the face of a girl propped against white pillows. Her eyes were turned toward the window, her hand was a little upraised to throw——

Something stung Nancy sharply on the cheek, and the last coach rolled out upon the bridge. The little girl, gazing after it, clapped her hand to her cheek; and out of the coach window was thrust a red-gold head, while its owner gazed down into the yellow waters of Churchill's creek, still turbid from spring freshets.

When the train was across and had gone winding on to the tunnel, Nancy taking down her hand, found it stained with blood.

Nancy had seen half-eaten apple cores enough to recognize the object that the sick girl had been about to throw out of the coach window; but apple cores do not wound when they hit.

Wondering what had cut her cheek, Nancy stooped to pick up her berry-basket, which she had dropped when she was struck, and beside it she saw a small circlet of shining yellow, which held a myriad of seemingly live, fiery stars circling about a clear, green drop of sparkling, flickering dew.

She took it up and gazed with awe at the wonder flashing on her little brown finger.

Then she laughed for very joy. "I'm born fer luck! Granny says so, an' mammy says so—oh—dearie—me—

"'Down by the green woody sidey O.'"

And the little voice rang out jubilantly as Nancy, steady-headed, light-footed, sped over the dangerous trestle with an unconcern that must have made an onlooker tremble.

The sun had dropped behind the purple, misty top of the mountain when, finally emerging from the denseness of the blooming laurel thickets that clothed the slopes, Nancy reached her father's clearing, with its sickly growth of corn and buckwheat.

"Pap" and Hence were home now. Pap, tall, broad, with straw-colored hair and beard, was cleaning his rifle on the bench outside of the door. Hence was bringing a bucket of water up from the spring.

But they had all dropped everything except the baby, which mammy was holding, to listen to Nancy's story.

"An' she thinks," explained Nancy, at Pap's knee, while the luck-stone, as granny called it, lay sparkling in pap's great hand, "the sun-haired lady she thinks it fell in the creek 'long with the apple core. An' she air sick; that's what ailed its comin' offen her finger. She air sick like so many of 'em as goes by set up agin pillers."

"It's the spring and licks whar they're goin'," said pap, "same as my grand'pap telled about the deer an' beasties hantin' the licks, springtime an' sech, when po'ly."

"An' they mostly get well," said Nancy, looking up into pap's face, "because there ain't never any goes back set up agin pillers. I'd know her 'cause of her sun-hair, the lady. The cyars they war goin' so slow I hed a good look at her; an' I got to be at the junction when she goes back, 'cause the cyars stop there a goodish bit an' I can hand it to her."

"She won't be goin' back for a spell, shouldn't think," said mammy, "if she's going for to get perked up—"

"But she might," said Nancy, "an' I got to be there."

"Yes," said pap, turning the treasure over in his big palm. "Nanny, she's got the right end of it; she's got to be there."

Now the junction was four miles from Lilly's mountain, and there were two passenger trains a day going westward. One passed in the early morning, the other in the afternoon, and to be present at their passing was Nancy's intention.

To mean to do a thing with Nancy was to do it, and what she did was to leave home at a little after the early daylight eating of her breakfast, with a portion of salt pork and corn pone stored away in her berry-basket. After the scramble down the mountain in the morning mists, with the laurel and rhododendrons dripping their heavy dews upon her yellow head, she had to trudge in bare feet over the four miles of track to the junction.

There, at first, she would hide in the edge of the clearing, peeping out like a shy squirrel, and only gathering courage at the approach of the train to dart out and run along the coaches during the transfer of passengers. Down one side and back the other would speed Nancy, peeping with the sharp, furtive eyes of a half-wild thing into the car windows.

On reaching the cabin on Lilly's mountain again by sundown, and sure of a rapt and appreciative audience, she generally had something of interest to tell.

"There's a baby at the junction," she related; "it lives at the station. It wears a pink dress. It laughed at me. It caught at the string and I let it play with the ring." And Nancy's fingers strayed to the leather string about her neck, on which the treasure dangled. "The baby's mammy she asked me to come in. She wears shoes. She wears them every day."

Nancy's acquaintance with the wife of the station-master grew. "She's got a box," Nancy told, another evening, "a big, square black box she keeps her fire in, an' a door she opens an' a hole to cook things in."

Pap laughed his big, silent laugh. "Sho, Nanny," said he, "ain't you never seen a stove afore?"

Nancy's ignorance did not abash her. "She's got everything mighty red up an' handy. Couldn't we uns have a shelf, too, pap, to set the dishes along?"

Another day Nancy came home in excitement. "Granny, you make me some o' your oak splint baskets," she began; "the harnsomest ones you knows how—them little ones, granny, an' me and Hence an' Grif we'll pick the huckleberries. I'm a-goin' to sell them on the train. There war a lady to-day she saw my basket of berries I was takin' to baby an' she asked me fer it—an' then she gives this to me."

And Nancy handed her mother two ten-cent pieces.

"An' the baby's mammy says she'll get her man to let me take 'em on the cyars, and thet a way I'm plum sure to see the sun-haired lady."

On the next day Nancy had a different tale. "Baby's mammy, Mis' Markham, she's been tellin' me 'bout a place at the junction, goin' on now, where they'll larn you free. She says the days won't seem nothin' like so tejous if I started in an' went to larnin'. I telled her I'd arsk pap."

Pap shifted his quid. "'Taint no call agin your goin,' I can see. My gran'pap he larned onct to read from a man crossin' the mountings goin' to Kaintuck, what stopped off here with a fever. That's how come we uns to have our book, the onliest Bible on Lilly's mounting. I don't see no call why Nanny shouldn't be areadin' in it same as gran'pap read to we uns when I war little as Grif here."

Thus encouraged, Nancy one day shyly made her appearance at the district school, which was open for the three months of summer. The young teacher, a girl student from the county college, eking out expenses by teaching in the summer, looked at the new pupil; looked, then looked again at a glittering, golden bauble that hung upon a leather string against the bosom of the faded little dress.

Forgetting her shyness, Nancy explained.

"And that's how I'm here," she said, in conclusion, "waitin' for the sun-haired lady to come."

It was the last of August that Nancy, speeding along by the open windows of an evening train, saw in the last coach a girlish, pink-flushed face framed in glorious, burnished, red-gold hair.

"And if it wa'nt to be the right lady, she'd know as the luck-stone wasn't hers." Nancy had often argued, rehearsing this very scene to herself.

Realizing but two things, that the sun-haired lady was on the train and that the time was passing, she dropped her baskets, grasped the ring in her little brown hand, stripping the leather string over her head as she ran, and with a cry to the porter—for all the trainmen now knew her and her mission—she bounded up the steps into the vestibule and ran through the sleeping car with its wondering occupants, to the sun-haired lady.

"Here!" said Nancy, and her smile supplied those graces of speech and deportment which education had failed to give her.

The sun-haired girl turned from pink to white, caught the ring from the little brown hand and gasped and laughed and cried. For it was her engagement ring, and over its loss that summer she had cried as many tears as little Nancy had trudged steps.

"You sensed it went in the creek," said Nancy. "I been watchin' for you sence."

Then happened a bewildering thing, a thing unknown to Nancy, unless it had come to her in baby days. A pair of impulsive arms were about her neck, the lips of the sun-haired girl on her cheek. Then before the great wave of emotion sweeping over Nancy was gone the clutch of the colored porter was on her, and she was dropped from the rear of the coach, which in another moment was speeding round the curve.

"Well," quavered granny, when Nancy's tale was told, "an' you air sure it war her?"

Nancy hadn't a doubt. She had proof. "She took it," said Nancy, "an' —an' she kissed me."

The great wave swept over her again. "She kissed me," reaffirmed Nancy, nor doubted for one moment she had been repaid.

But the sun-haired girl thought differently, so she wrote a letter to the station master at the junction, and the station master gave the letter to his wife, who in turn gave it to the school-teacher, and the school-teacher answered it.

So, through the sun-haired lady, to-day one Nancy Lilly is a pupil in a certain large school established for the education of mountain children in eastern Kentucky; and through Nancy's willing and doing, comforts and progress are finding a way into a cabin on Lilly's mountain, despite its remoteness. And from the results in this one cabin the influences are spreading over the mountain.

"She war jus' natchelly born ter luck," says granny, never realizing that the sturdy traits of cheerfulness, unselfishness, honesty, patience had aught to do with Nancy's good fortune.—Youth's Companion.

### Ridiculous.

Cholly—She called me a crank.

Miss Pepprey—The idea! That's ridiculous. A crank is usually a person with one idea.—Philadelphia Press.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.

"GOOD EVENING, GEORGE."
WHERE IS GEORGE?

## PURIFIED BY FREEZING.

### It Is Said That Crystallization Drives Bacteria Down Into Unfrozen Water.

Whether water in freezing throws out the impurities held in solution is a question that has been much discussed. At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Boards of Health the subject of discussion was the ice supplies of cities and towns from a hygienic point of view. Dr. H. W. Clark, a chemist in the employ of the Massachusetts state board of health, read a paper which summarized fully the results of an investigation made by the state board 13 years ago at the request of the legislature, and another examination which started last year and continued during the early part of the present year. Especially from the last investigation of the state experts have come to the conclusion that water has power to free itself from bacteria during its formation into ice, that certain bacteria are gradually killed in the ice. In its tendency to purify itself during the period of crystallization water will push the bacteria down into the unfrozen liquid, but if the pond is so shallow that all the water freezes into a solid mass it is evident that all the bacteria is contained in the ice, more numerous at the bottom than at the top. Hence the board feels that ice should be cut only on deep water, the deeper the better, inasmuch as the depth furnishes a retreat for the bacteria.

Illustrative of this point may be mentioned that part of the experiment when polluted water was frozen in a pail. In the rapid transformation of the water into ice the bacteria did not have time to escape from the top and sides entirely, but during the freezing process the greater bulk of them moved toward the center, which was the last to solidify, and when the ice was cut into pieces for examination the outside was found to contain about 100 bacteria per cubic centimeter, while the middle contained about 20,000. Similar experiments were made with sewage, and bacteria were always driven back from the ice formation.

But there is another side to this question which should not be lost sight of. It may be called the practical side. It is undoubtedly true that in the process of crystallization water will expel from the individual crystals all foreign substances. Consequently the unit of solidified water is presumably pure. Ice, however, is a mass of crystals aggregated in an orderly fashion, as may be seen in a microscopic study of the melting operation. When impure water is frozen the impurities, whether microbes or "just dirt," are very frequently caught and entangled in the crystalline aggregations, and the phenomenon of very dirty ice, full of visible impurities, is by no means so infrequent as to warrant any surprise when it is encountered. The Massachusetts experiments show that ice may contain from 100 to 20,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, which it could not very well do if in passing into ice water so purified itself that the resulting mass of systematically aggregated crystals contained nothing but crystals.

It is no doubt true that the ice of measurable purity can be taken from parts of a considerable body of very impure water, says the New York Times, but the fact that the iceman cannot be expected to exercise discrimination, and that the consumer of such ice is as likely to get the 20,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter as the 100, warrants the conclusion that ice formed over any depth of impure water is at best an extremely dangerous addition to drinking water.

### Jealous Artists.

A certain set of English artists are jealous of the decorative work done abroad, in France and in Germany. At a time when British artists are received well in all countries, it is very regrettable that a lack of fair play should be shown by Englishmen to continental painters and craftsmen. Not very long ago, when England was powerfully influenced by French art, many Frenchmen believed that nothing good in painting or design could be done by Englishmen, and now that this error has passed away, a section of the English public becomes hostile to French artists.—London Studio.

### Wrong Diagnosis.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I guess it's the dumb ague he's got.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—No, it can't be; he's all the time talking about it.—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Chimney Sweep.

Before going to work in the morning the chimney sweep carefully dirties his face.—Atchison Globe.

## Love Out of Date

By GEORGE R. SIMMS

Love and the love songs of the past have no place in our modern civilization. We still speak of love, but it is either not the love of our fathers and mothers, or we have new and improved methods of expressing it.

LOVE. WHAT IS IT?

There is not one young man or young woman of the really "swell sets" in a hundred who could give an intelligible definition of the word. In the rural districts we can occasionally find some of the old sentiment—the love that bound two hearts and lives together "for better or for worse," but it is almost unknown in the cities, and even the country places are rapidly outgrowing the old sentimental traditions that made happy marriages and left but little work for the divorce courts.

Time was when the young woman displayed a maidenly shyness in the presence of her lover; when the mere mention of his name caused a blush to mount to her cheeks; when the man with whom she had plighted her troth represented to her all the masculine virtues. Those were the days of the old reign when the "old, old story" was ever new. THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF ROMANCE.

BUT TO-DAY LOVE IS OUT OF DATE; A BACK NUMBER; A "DEAD ONE."

The girl of to-day does not set her lover upon a pedestal and point to him as a model for the world to follow. No, she is much more likely to refer to him as a sort of "namby-pamby" being who is all well enough as a convenient person to escort her to theaters, to pay for flowers and carriages—possibly to marry if some other fellow does not come along who appeals more forcibly to some of her changing moods.

IT IS CONVENIENCE, NOT LOVE, THAT BRINGS ABOUT THE MAJORITY OF THE MARRIAGES OF TO-DAY.

Neither is the young man of to-day the young man of a generation or two past. He no longer worships at the shrine of femininity. He does not choose his language in her presence, but rather she hears from his lips the latest street slang, if not profanity. He is not overly careful that she should not see him at the gambling table or coming from the saloon door. In fact he cares much less for the good opinion of the young ladies of his acquaintance than he did of yore.

AND IT IS THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS GREATLY TO BLAME FOR THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS.

She has sacrificed her place in his estimation by not only laughing at his vulgarities, but oftentimes indulging in like ones. She uses the most approved slang; she discusses without a blush subjects which were as a sealed book to her mother and grandmother; SHE IS "TOO GOOD A FELLOW" WITH THE BOYS FOR THEM TO APPRECIATE HER TRUE PLACE AS A WOMAN. She it is who has driven much of the romance from this staid old world of ours. May the days of the future bring it back to us.

## THE ALASKA ESQUIMAUX.

### Something About Their Linguistic Aptitude and Musical Development.

The Alaskan Eskimos are highly intelligent, industrious, moral and honest according to their standards in such matters, which differ somewhat from our own. They are strictly truthful, of kindly, cheerful disposition, and exceedingly gentle, patient and tactful in their manners. In illustration of their intelligence, it was interesting to note that while their language embraced but a fed hundred words as against our overwhelming vocabulary, they and not we made all the advance, evincing the keenest interest in the acquisition of the white man's tongue. In voicing their proficiency in this direction it was not uncommon for some of the more sensitive among us to be shocked upon being saluted by some precocious maiden with a string of oaths, strangely intoned, culled for our edification from the explosive speech in general use among the representatives of a higher moral dvelopment. The natives soon learned such tunes and songs as were whistled or sung in their hearing. These they reproduced with considerable accuracy, words and all. The words were, however, generally sounds phonetically similar to those heard, and were sometimes, in fact, quite amusing. This sudden musical development seemed remarkable, considering that their natural attempts include only monotonous droonings, accompanied sometimes by an unmeasured inane thrumming on a sort of tambourine. There are many artists among them whose carvings and etchings on ivory are of high excellence, says the Era.

There is a marked difference in the adaptability to Caucasian customs between the men and women of this race. The men are much keener in anticipating what is likely to meet with white favor, and lose no time in at least concealing habits and inclinations that are seen to be objectionable, while the women make but little progress in this direction. The contrast is best shown at the white man's table, one or two meals sufficing to prevent any painful exhibitions from the men; whereas with the women no improvement is to be observed. With either sex, at such times, the unselfish solicitude for their absent friends is sure to evince itself in their setting aside the choicest morsels of food to be taken to them, never failing, however, to ask leave to do so.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE DOWRY.

### The French View and the English View of It Are Entirely Different.

Would it be an advantage for the English girl to have a dowry? The custom is deeply rooted in France, where few marriages are contracted in which the bride has not a dowry, even in the very lowest classes.

The parents of French girls will stint and starve, if necessary, to provide a dot for each of their daughters, or if that is not possible will combine all their savings to enable one to make a good match. What does the English girl think of the matter? Her emotions are somewhat mixed. On the one hand, for the sake of her independence she would like to feel that she did not go empty handed to her husband, and on the other she would not willingly abandon the cherished certainty that she is loved for herself alone, says the London Telegraph.

It would be idle to pretend that England is free from the fortune hunter. But to take the average middle-class girl—for she is the person most concerned in this question—the young Englishman does not marry her for her money, for the very good reason that as a rule she has no money to marry for. Her father may be in very comfortable circumstances, and may leave her a round sum at his death, but the suitor has rarely expectations of benefit save in the remote future, and must depend upon his own exertions to provide a home for his wife for many years. It is doubtful if more than a very small number of middle-class young men are influenced in their matrimonial choice by the lady's possessions, present or prospective. We believe that the Englishman has no desire for the marriage dot, but would reply unhesitatingly "Yes" to the query which was put concerning Cordelia: "Will you have her? She is herself a dowry."

### Blunders in Newspapers.

The English seem to excel in making amusing newspaper mistakes, and the Englishman is always funniest when he doesn't try to be. A paper printed at Newcastle, in giving an account of an inquest, declared that "Richard Wilkinson, one of the deceased, repeated the evidence given by him at the inquest," and a woman's paper of London is authority for the statement that "on her deathbed, and even after death, the Empress Frederick showed her preference for everything English." In speaking of the naval maneuvers a London paper declared that "the Devonport instructional flotilla left yesterday to carry out their programme already carried out," and another paper records the startling fact that "the Long Sutton school board has arranged to grant the scholars attending the schools seven weeks' holiday this month, so that the children can work in the potato fields." Another paper states that "the late Mr. William Carr, who was the highly esteemed clerk of Waltham Abbey for 85 years, passed to his rest at the ripe age of 70."—N. Y. Sun.

### Java Coffee Unprofitable.

The production of Java coffee is steadily falling off. Indeed, the government is gradually giving up the cultivation of coffee, finding the profits small in comparison with former years, and in the near future the crop will be entirely in the hands of private planters. Of late the business has been so unremunerative that many coffee estates have been turned into tea farms.—Trade Journal.

### What Lot Did.

"Pa, when Lot's wife was turned to salt, what did he do?"

"Began to look for a fresh one, I presume."—The Smart Set.

## PITH AND POINT.

Even the man who has decided that happiness is not to be found is apt to forget his discovery and keep on looking.—Puck.

This would be a gloomy old world if it had to depend upon the moods of some people for its supply of sunshine.—Chicago Daily News.

The Thin One—"I'm taking physical culture to increase my flesh." The Fat One—"That so? I'm taking it to cut mine down."—Indianapolis News.

In one of the colored school rooms recently, a boy was asked to step up and find the common divisor of a certain sum. "Well, my goodness," said the boy, "is that thing lost again?"—Atchison Globe.

Hostess—"Please don't leave off, Miss Jessop." Miss J——"But sha'n't I bore you? It is possible to have too much of a good thing, you know." Hostess—"Yes; but that doesn't apply to your playing!"—Punch.

Bingo—"By Jove! Here I am taking two papers a day and you don't know a thing that is going on." Mrs. Bingo (indignantly)—"I don't, don't I? Why, there isn't a bargain sale in town that I don't know about."—Town and Country.

Literary Subjects.—"Whom did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife. "Oh, yes, I remember now! Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street from us, and Longfellow."—Ohio State Journal.

## ANCESTOR OF THE WHALE.

### The Amphibian's Progenitor Was a Terrestrial Monster Clad with Armor.

Among the many wonderful palaeontological discoveries that have startled the scientific world during the last few years, none has caused more astonishment than the revelation that the ancestral whales were protected from attack by a bony armor analogous to that with which the armadillos of South Africa are covered.

Vestiges of this ancient coat of mail are still borne by such familiar cetaceans as the porpoise and its near relative, the Japanese porpoise, the latter species being distinguished by its absence of a back-fin. That creatures like the modern pelagic whales and porpoises, or even the river dolphins, could ever have been invested with a complete bony armor is, of course, an absolute impossibility, says a scientific journal. The rigidity of such a panoply would have interfered far too much with the mobility of their supple bodies, while its weight would have impaired their buoyancy. Consequently, it is necessary to assume that even in the earlier representatives of these types the armor must have been in a condition of degradation and elimination, so that we must go back to still earlier forms to find it in its full development.

As every one knows nowadays, whales and dolphins trace their ancestry to land animals, and it appears highly likely that when such ancestral creatures began to take to an amphibious life on the seashore, or at the mouth of a large river, they may have developed a dermal armor which would serve to protect them alike from the breakers and from the attacks of sharks and other marine monsters.

The majority of the living toothed whales are finished with a dorsal fin. The function of the dorsal fin is to act as a kind of keel in maintaining the balance of the body, this appendage being most developed in purely pelagic cetaceans like the killer, while in littoral or fluviatile forms, such as the narwhal, the white whale and the Japanese porpoise. In the whalebone bones, among which the dorsal fin is either small or wanting, its function may be discharged by the keel, or, owing to corporeal bulk, no such function is required at all.

In their earliest stage of development the toothed whales were fully armored. The object of the armor was a defense against enemies, such as sharks, such an armor being also very valuable to animals exposed to the force of a strong surf on rocky shores. As the creatures took more and more to an aquatic life, the acquisition of greater speed would be of greater value to them, and this would be accomplished by diminishing the specific gravity and friction of the body, and shortening of the extremities and the development of a caudal fin to serve as the instrument of locomotion.

Accordingly the arm would very soon be lost by the pelagic cetaceans in order to diminish friction and lighten the specific gravity. Only among certain types, which diverged at an early epoch from the ancestral stock and took to a fluviatile or estuarine life, did vestiges of the armor persist, while the dorsal fin remained undeveloped. That in this form as well as in the closely allied true porpoises we have the most primitive type of living toothed whales, is confirmed by the nature of their dentition, as well as by the circumstance that in this group alone the premaxilla is toothed.

### German Emperor's Policy.

The kaiser allows no chance to pass that will serve to make himself and his family popular with all classes in Germany. The crown prince is dedicated to the army, and so is Eitel Fritz. Adalbart was given to the navy, and now he has given two other sons, not to the law, nor the church, nor to medicine, but to agriculture. It has been announced that Princes August William and Oscar will learn, in addition to the many other things they are taught, practical agriculture. Their father has given them a small farm at Ploen, and with a half-dozen of their school-fellows they will dig and plant in the most scientific manner, selling their products at market prices to the empress. Not only will they dig and plant and weed, but they will have to milk two cows and look after the chickens.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Defendant's Opportunity.

"You say the defendant pulled the plaintiff's hair. Now, how could the defendant, who is an unusually short man, reach the plaintiff's hair, the plaintiff being fully six feet tall?"

"Why, you see, your honor, the plaintiff was butting him at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.